

Malicious Intent by Alexandra Depp

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Summary: Encountering Henry Bowers is always fun, no?

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It would all be over soon. Oh yes. Things had progressed to that point. These last ten minutes had been the worst in Cara's young life.

Her blue eyes were moist and wide with fear as she gazed transfixed at the nearing switchblade. Oddly, the one wielding the weapon was somehow even more frightening. She managed to peel her eyes away from the switchblade and gazed into the cold dark eyes of Henry Bowers, the biggest bully to ever walk the streets of Derry.

His two comrades, Belch Huggins and Victor Criss held her firmly at both arms, giving her no chance of escape.

She snuck quick glances at them and noted the nervousness on their faces. No. This was no childish threat. Henry meant to hurt her and hurt her he would. The eerily solemn expression on his youthful face said it all.

Her mind trailed back to earlier in the day. She had just moved to Derry, Maine from big time New York. She hadn't been in the best of moods after being torn away from the only home she had ever known so perhaps that had contributed to her rather bold but undeniably foolish mistake. She had decided to wander about and explore Derry. Not really caring that she could get lost. Not really caring about anything really. That's when she had accidentally bumped into someone.

Normally, Cara was a polite and reasonable girl, but one look at the scowling young man she had bumped into; topped with her already foul mood had set her off.

The guy first seemed incredulous that she had dared to speak to him as such.

How was she to know that she was in fact snapping at Henry Bowers; the meanest guy to ever inhabit Maine?

The real anger had flared when he dared to make a racist remark and Cara was not about to let some complete stranger call her a Paki. She had screamed herself hoarse and ended up labeling him as an ignorant hick.

The look in his eyes scared her then and it terrified her now.

Henry and his posse had chased her down and oh had she ran. Ran fast for she was a tall, athletic girl, but not fast enough. Not fast enough...

Cara swallowed the large lump in her throat and eyed the switchblade warily, flinching as the sun bounced off of it into her eyes.

Henry gave a small smile, as if pleased by her reaction. "Alright you little cunt. Now I'm going to make you my bitch. Teach you never to mess with me."

Victor licked his lips nervously. "What are you going to do to her, Henry?"

Henry smiled faintly, causing her entire body to shudder with fear. "I'm gonna carve my name into her back so everyone will know that she got her ass owned by me."

Belch narrowed his eyes. "You...you're really gonna cut 'er?"

"Hmm, let me think...YES."

Belch flinched back, not daring to question him any further.

Cara blinked several times as if trying to wake herself up from a very unpleasant dream.

Henry smiled further, cupping her chin between his fingers. "You know...you're kind of pretty. That's the thing with Pakis, the only difference between 'em and us white folk is the colour of their skin. Their features are basically the same. Ain't that something?"

The question seemed rhetorical but Belch and Victor nodded nevertheless.

Henry grew grave once more. "Turn her around."

Cara's eyes bulged with fear.

The other two hesitated.

"You guys gone deaf or something? I said TURN HER AROUND."

"Wait! I uh...Henry, I..." Before she knew what she was doing, she leaned forward and planted her lips against her tormentor.

Belch and Victor gaped in shock and unknowingly loosened their grips on her arms.

It was absurd what she was doing. Ludicrous even but she was desperate and desperation led people to do strange things.

After a few moments, Henry pulled away and simply stared at her as if trying to process what she had just done.

She bit her lower lip and waited to see where the ruler of her fate would take her.

A small smirk surfaced on his face. "Well, I'll be damned. The Paki's a whore. An expensive and clean looking one at that."

Belch snickered helplessly while Victor stood and watched in stunned bemusement.

Henry reached forward and gently toyed with her long dark hair. "What do you say, Cara? You wanna live to see tomorrow and be my whore? It's the way it should be, toots. I'm the white man in charge."

She blinked in surprise that he had actually used her name and it didn't take very long for her to reply. "Yes. Sure Henry. I'll do that. Just...please don't hurt me."

He brought his face close to hers and grabbed a hold of her slim waist in his usual dominating manner. "Oh, don't you worry 'bout that. I take very good care of my things."

She forced herself to smile and stepped forward, pressing herself

against his solid self in a sensual way. It really was over. She had sold herself out. Become a whore. But, she would live to see another day and in the end...that's all that really mattered.